

# To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

*The Humble Address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs of the City and Liberties of Dublin, in behalf of themselves and others the Protestant Freemen and Inhabitants thereof.* Hib. o. 690. 1

**T**Hus long (*GREAT SIR*) our unparallel'd late Deliverance wrought by the Hand of God, the First Mover, the Principal Author of all our Good, hath hitherto most justly employed all the Faculties of our Souls in the profound contemplation of his mysterious and unbounded Providence, receiving from us the slender Reward, but necessary Sacrifice of our hearty Praise and Thanks; But now to You (*GREAT SIR*) the next recollected Thought with equal Justice does belong: To You therefore (*DREAD SIR*) the Second Cause, our Faith's Defender, the wonderful Restorer of our captiv'd Liberties; in greatest Humility, but with unlimited Zeal, and joyful Hearts full of sincere Affection, we yield our utmost and unfeigned Thanks, being the only thing valuable which our Enemies left us wherewithal to sacrifice, and of which their Malice could not rob us. We cannot but with Horror stand amazed, when we recount our never to be forgotten Sufferings, our frequent causeless Imprisonments, the plundering our Goods, the confiscation of our Estates, the innumerable Oppressions, the illegal Exactions, the tyrannous hatred of our Persons; and, in a word, the unchristian behaviour in all the actions of our Enemies infinitely surpassing an *Egyptian* servitude, when *Baal's* Priests contented not themselves with their Idolatry alone to pollute our Altars, but in prosecution of their profane and ungodly Malice, contriv'd the leading us captive to our Churches, and each Ancestors Tomb became our respective Couches; then it proved literally true, that our Liberties were offered a *Romish* Sacrifice on our own Altars. Thus far Almighty God permitted them: Then it was that our Enemies grew ripe for Divine vengeance: Then it was that You, (*MIGHTY SIR*) stept in, and by Your own Victorious Arm, to the hazard of Your Royal Person, rescued us from the hands of our Enemies: Then, and not till then, did Arbitrary Power, Popery and Slavery (terms almost convertible) receive their period. Wherefore to You (*DREAD SIR*) our only King, our Lives, our Liberties, our Goods and Estates we humbly offer, and at Your Royal Feet (*GREAT SIR*) we come prepared, ready to lay them down for the defence of Your Majesties Royal Person, for the suppression of Popery, for the maintenance of the Protestant Religion, and for the support of Your Majesties undoubted Right to these Your Kingdoms and Dominions. In testimony whereof, we have caused the common Seal of the said City to be hereunto affixed this ninth day of *July*, in the Second Year of Your Majesties Reign.

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